



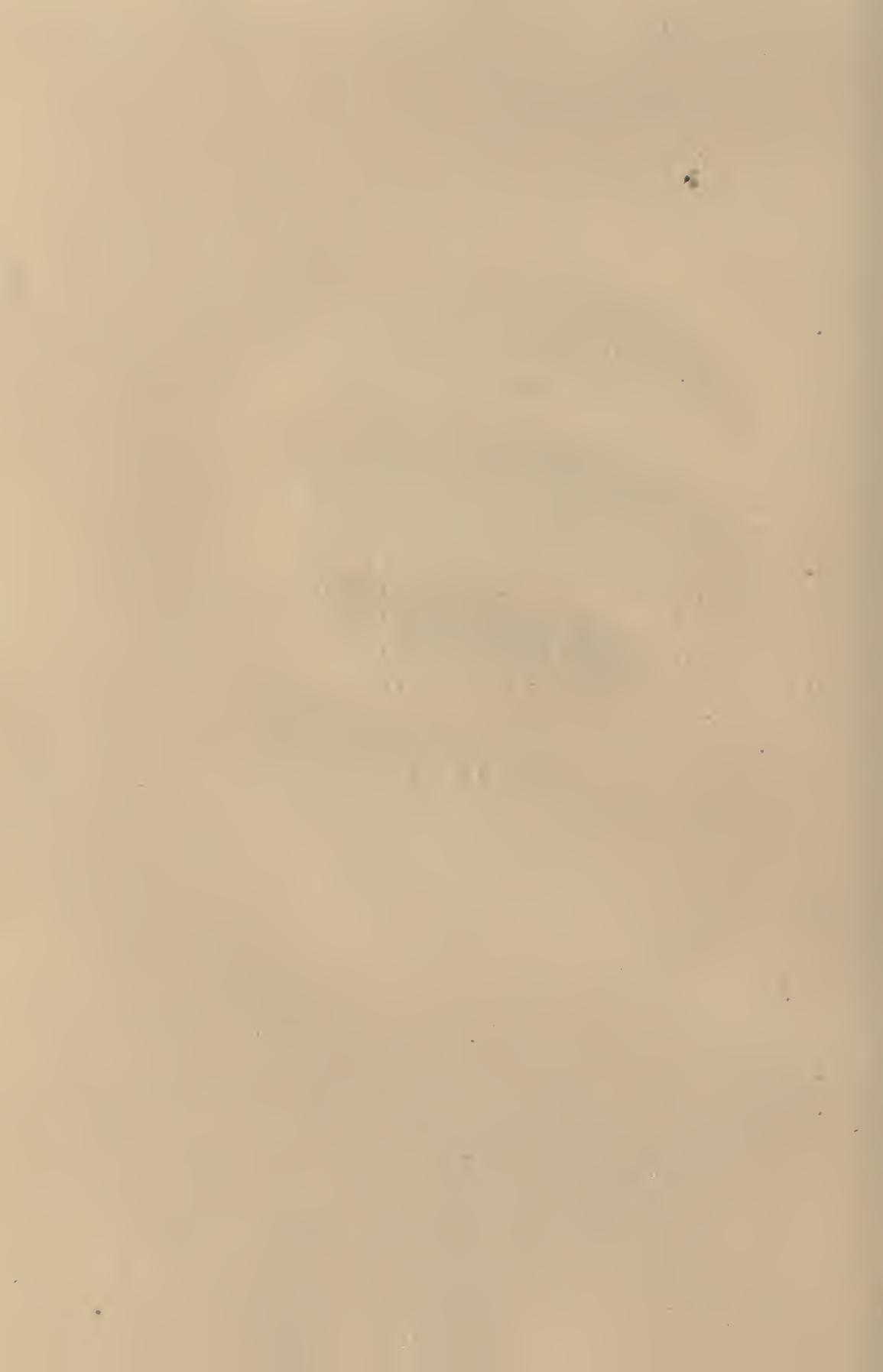
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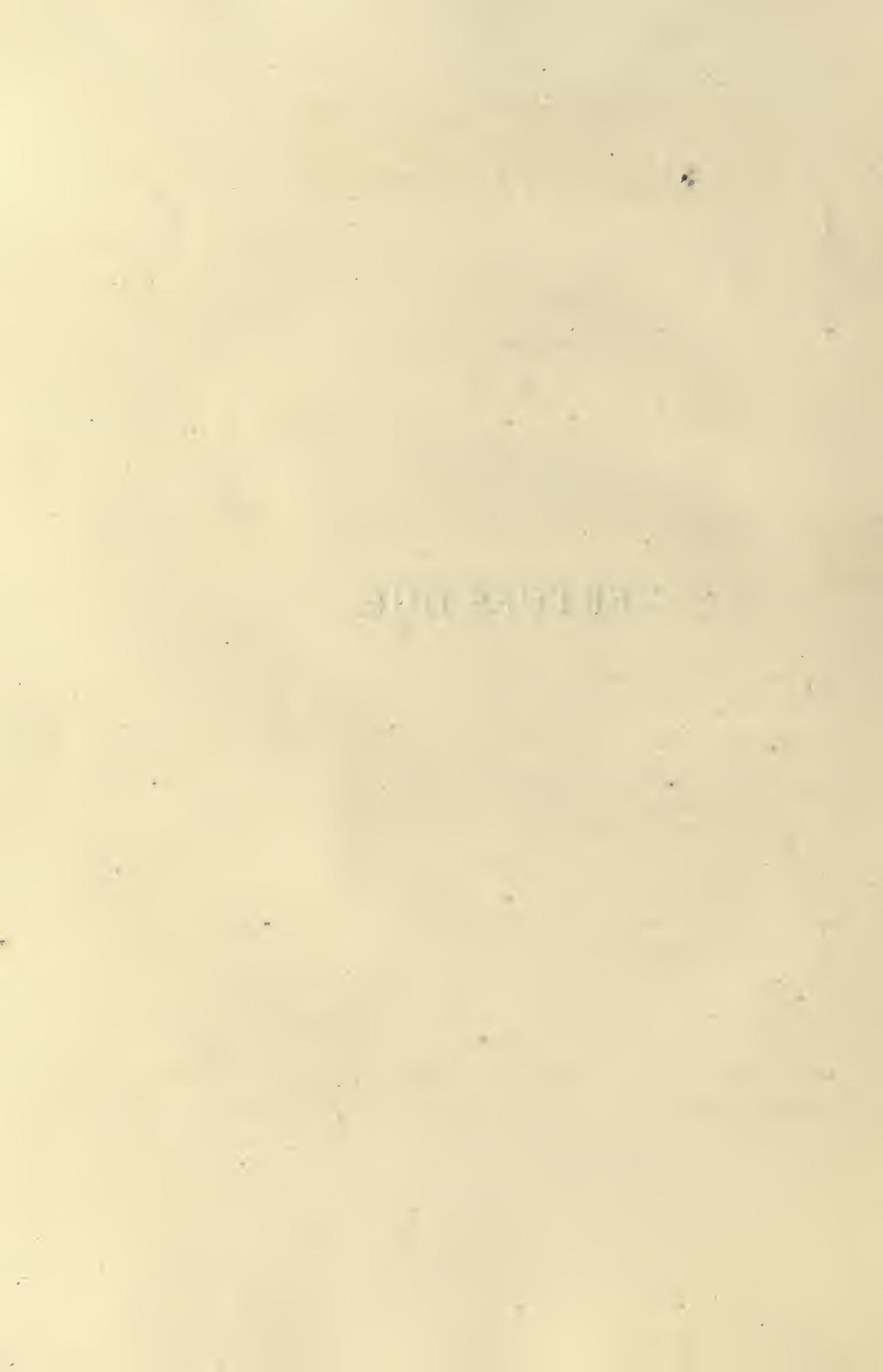


Victor Bates Van de Weyer.

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VERTUES DUE.





INTRODUCTION

TO

POWELL'S VERTUES DUE.

THE present Tract is printed from an unique and hitherto unknown one. The author was probably the same Thomas Powell who has verses before Foorde's (or Ford's) "Fame's Memoriall, or the Earl of Devonshire deceased; with his honourable Life, peacefull End, and solemne Funerall." 4to. Lond. 1606; and who wrote also the following works:—

Love's Leprosie, 1598.

The Passionate Poet: with a Description of the Thracian Ismarus, 1601.

A Welch Bayte to spare Provender, 1603.

Direction for Search of Records, 1622.

The Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing, 1623.

The Attourneys Academy, 1623.

The Attornies Almanacke, 1627.

The Repertorie of Records, 1631.

Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Path-Way to Preferment, 1631.

Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in reprinting the last tract among the *Publications of the New Shakspere Society*, 1876, thus speaks of the author. "Our third tract is by a reverencer of Bacon in his distress, a rollicking attorney and Welshman, Thomas Powell, who seems to have begun writing very

bad serious poetry in 1598 and 1601, and then turnd to chaffing prose,—still intersperst with scraps of bad verse,—and divers professional hand-books, till he ended his career of authorship in 1631 with his *Tom of all Trades*, here reprinted. There may have been two Thomas Powells. But as the one of 1603—1631 had both a serious and humorous style in his prose, and in his verse in his prose-books, I see no sufficient reason for supposing that he is not the serious-style verse-writer of 1598—1601."

Our tract, *Virtues Due*, fully bears out the above character given of some of his other works by Mr. Furnivall; for, like his first productions which appeared in 1598 and 1601, this is not only "very bad serious poetry", but it has a greater fault, that of being in some places unintelligible. Attempting to soar, obscurity immediately envelopes him, and to make matters worse, not content with using the hardest words for the simplest subjects, he presses into his service other words and expressions not elsewhere to be met with in any work, ancient or modern.

His peculiar temperament seems to render him incapable of telling a plain story in a natural manner; and, while striving to elevate the veriest common-places into poetical dignity, he makes doubtful what he should explain, and by his awkward verbiage and circumlocution succeeds, not in impressing his readers with a respect for his poetical powers, but, with the grave complacency of a Malvolio, in making himself a laughing-stock by his affectations and absurdities.

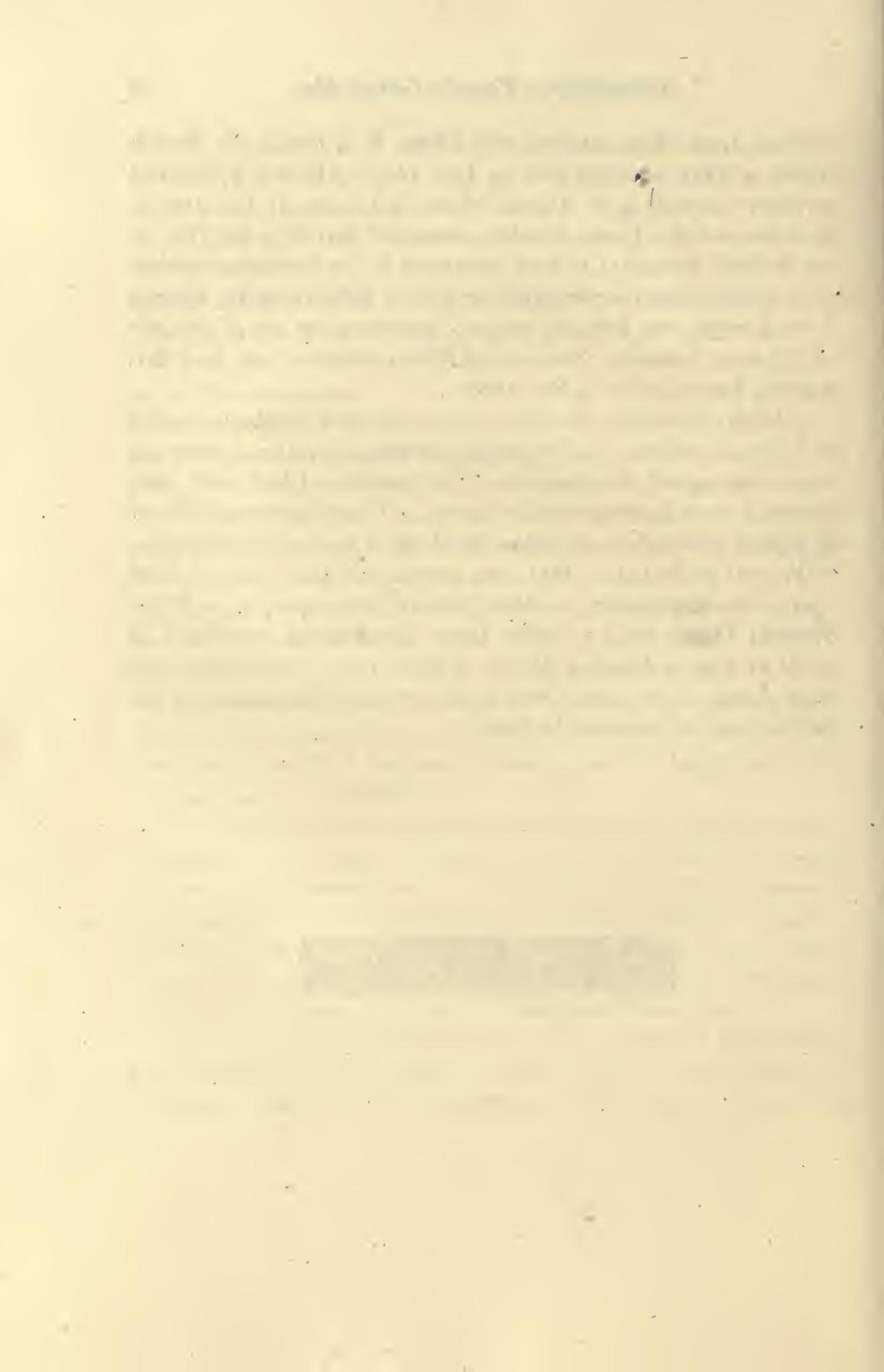
Yet sufficient reasons we think may be shown for the present reprint, independent of its rarity; inasmuch as it not only deals with a courtly personage, whose memory has for nearly three centuries been surrounded by a sort of sentimental halo, but as it is the hitherto unknown production of a man whose other labours with the pen have earned for him a certain degree of notoriety—while, more than all, its remarkable phraseology entitles it to rank among the minor "Curiosities of Literature."

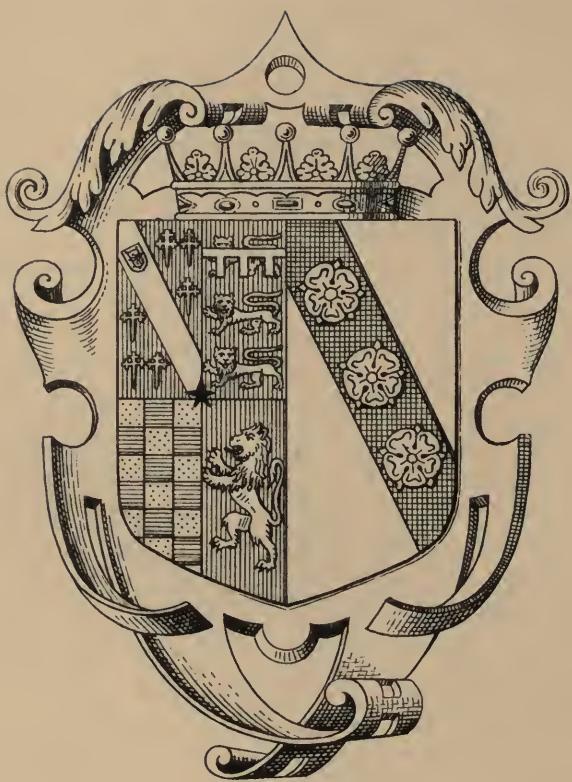
The Lady herein commemorated was the daughter of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, and first wife of Charles second Baron Howard of Effingham, created Earl of Nottingham, 22 Oct. 1596. He was the

celebrated Lord High Admiral, who assisted in defeating the Spanish Armada in 1588, and who died 14 Dec. 1624. His wife predeceased him many years, dying at Arundel House, in London, 25 Feb. 1602-3, only a month before Queen Elizabeth, whose last days she is said (but on very doubtful authority) to have embittered by her treacherous conduct in not transmitting to her sovereign the Earl of Essex's ring, the delivery of which might have been the means of preserving the life of that rash but still-loved favourite. She survived Essex exactly two years to a day, he having been executed 25 Feb. 1600-1.

She left five children, the third of whom—the eldest daughter—married Sir Robert Southwell, of Woodrising, Norfolk, who served under his father-in-law against the Spaniards. The portraits of both these naval worthies, it may be mentioned, are given in Pine's engravings from the old tapestry which was preserved in the House of Lords till its destruction by the great fire in 1835. Her own portrait and that of her husband appear in the large painting by Mark Garrard (the property of G. Digby Wingfield Digby, Esq.) in which Queen Elizabeth is represented as carried in state to Hunsdon House, 18 Sept. 1571. And another full-length portrait of the Earl of Nottingham, painted by Zuccherino, is in the Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.







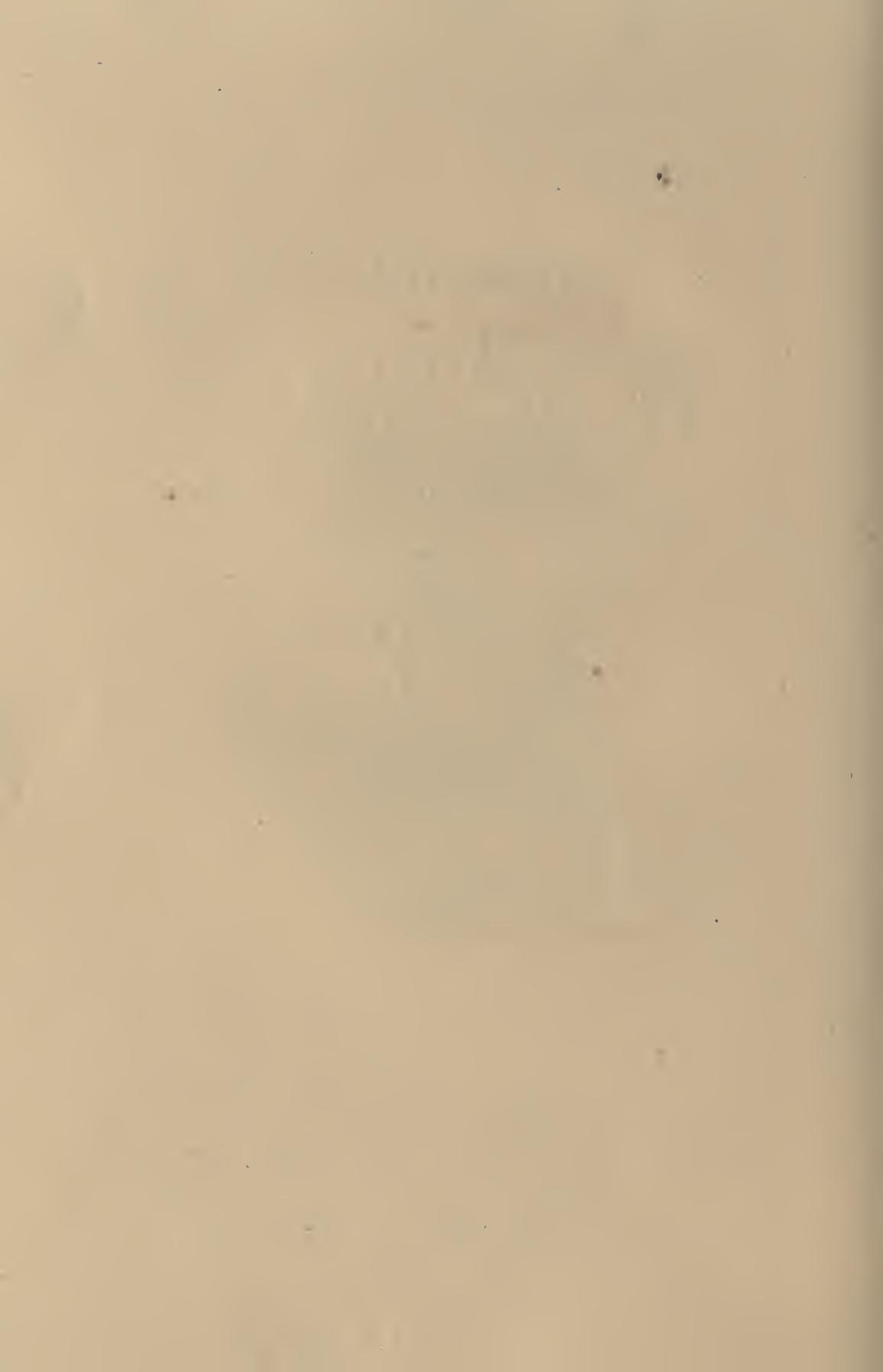
Vertues due:

or,
A true modell of the life
of the right Honourable Ka-
tharine Howard, late Countesse
of Nottingham, de-
ceased.

By T. P. Gentleman.



Printed at London by Simon Stafford,
dwelling in Hosier lane, neare
Smith-field. 1603.





To the right Honorable,
Charles Howard, Earle of Notting-
ham, Baron of Effingham, Lord high
Admirall of England, of her Maiesties
most Honorable priuie Coensayle, and
of the Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.

Right Noble Lord, my resolute was
advised, to make immoration upon
the niceſt circumſtances of your pre-
ſent hauour, in plentifull and hono-
rable ſorrow, whose animall motion might bee
admoûd to the violence hereof: This gaue
leaue to the greater obſeruance which wee owe to
the deceaſed, (that is) in protection and conteſta-
tion: Besides that warrant of the antientque &
Cenſoriall rites, whose example I haue here quo-
ted for moſt Honorable Heraldrie, in diſpoſing
her funerall torch by due reference, into your
ſuruiuing hand; neither inſeebling the courtesie
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the living, nor promising mine owne aduan-
tage upon your Noble and innated goodnesse, nei-
ther to actuate, & reticrate molestias, but in
mine owne affectation to be conformed with that
Romane solemnity of dedication,

And as she was, I write for president,
More of succession, than grieſs argument.

Your Honours,

in all the nerues
of my ability,

Thomas Powell.

To the Reader.



O prepare ye to what is writ,
I know, my smoothest compo-
sure would be too boisterous,
vpon the rigall nakednesse of
your impatience. A long pre-
face were a sicke fether vpon
your winged Mercury. And
yet, to expose me to vnitstructed censure, whose
prooфе is too much in seuerity, I should release
the bond of our recōciliation, & seeme to suspect
approbation, to be more of fortunes almes, than
our owne deseruing. I imply to your freer spirits,
all customary requisites, and to my selfe reserue
this onely obſter of opinion: That I write more
of duty to the dead, than reputation of living
Poesie. In both which, I am wilfully confident,
to be confidently willing.

T. P.

A 8

Resumptio.

Resumptio.

— Cum tonat Ocyus Illex,
Sulphure discutitur sacro quam tuque
domus ġ;

T. P.



Vertues due.



He Sunne but now
began to gather fire,
And lay a sharper edge
vpon his beames,
Abated to the fulnesse
of the yeere,
As fretted with the salt
of Neptunes steames,
When blacke solemnity enuide anew,
And soyld his face with a more precious dewe:

Dew'd with the most religion of affection,
Made soft in nature, and in Heraldry :
The one accusing fate for his election :
The other, weeping his seuerity
Both from their Cyprus altars offring teares,
Ynowe to make him aged in yong yeares.

B

It





Vertues due.

It was not for the gods *Arcadian* theft,
When he drew dry their vdders milch-excesse,
Nor for his mother *Pthies*, whea she wept
His rage, that earth malign'd his murrinessse,
But, loe, affections law of like for like :
It is our natures freedome to requite.

For he had lustre on his infant rayes,
To blandish out the glory of his Spring,
Reft from the falling Load-starre of our dayes,
Whose motion was the musike which I sing;
The measure of consent to all her sphere :
Indeed she was the best in *Cynthia's* quiere.

She





*V*ertues due.

She was, (and so are losers still in leesing,
When they recount the worth of what is lost)
And is not. Cold remembrance ever freezing
When it shall reade the story of what's past.
Yet as she was, repeate for president
More of succession, then griefs argument.

Was of her traytie. Eternities decreeing
Did dedicate her in her parentage,
Whose neere alliance aske as neere a beeing,
And gently seal'd it on her virgin waxe:
And so, for nature and election,
Would Cynthis's selfe endeere her as her own.





Vertues duc.

She gave her ranke, respect, and full access^e,
Agnizing her affinity and merit
With fauours, graces after graciousnesse;
Wherein she seem'd as if she did inherit
The trust and dignities, which long before
Her Honourable Ancestors did store.

Her parents honours did she extraduce
Into her very disposition;
As if the generall Carey were infusde
And had no other formes of his diuision.
Their ancient vnattainted loyalty
Broad blow'ne, and flush vpon her infancy.

Yet





Vertues due,

Yet beauty was not onely of her blood:
Her birth-day *Solstice* height vnto perfection.
The Cantharis enuies a verdant bud,
And birth does only counsaile to protection.
So leartnd she withthe chāge of every spring,
To saue her blood with heedfull dyeting.

Her youth preferu'd it chaste with conuincēz;
A virgin diet for the hote intention,
Whiche might vnglosse his colour : adde expece,
Both of the length & bredth of their dimēsion,
But the example of her mariage bed,
Were Oratory to perswade to wed.





Vertues due.

For after she had bled so many moones,
As had *Astrea*, when she was transfixt;
With more austerity, than that which crownes
The Romane chastity, did she commixe
Her birth, her blood, Nobility and name,
To flowe more lofty in as rich veyne:

In *Howards* ample veynes; a Family
Of eminence, deryu'd without distert,
From the first shield of all their Auncestry,
To this of *Charles*, the latest Eminent: (prie,
Whose fayth and fortunes may they ne're ex-
But in a melting fragment of fire.

She.





Vertues due.

She wedded, yet she was a Votary,
To minister in consecrated flame,
And weare *Dianaes* bow, vpon her thigh,
Till on a day of sanctified name, (bids)
To store eche Nymph with shafts, the goddesse
To fill her quiuers all with Poplartwigs,

That grew vpon a leuin, which the sea
Had season'd thriftily within the shore:
There *Neptune* fell in loue with *Momone*,
That till this day ne're sawe the Nymph before,
Ne're had his brest improou'd or softened,
But like the temper of his Corall bed:





*V*ertues due.

From which he lately rissle to lay her in,
And plac'd his Aggot wreath vpon her browes,
Whose potent charmes *Diana* pardon'd him,
And gaue her back the freedome of her vowes;
So she might still be of her fayrie trayne,
He war with *Saturnes* sonnes vpon the mayne.

And now, *Eliza*, with her wedlocke fate,
Did wed her to a higher dignity.
She kept the chayre that did suborne her state,
And grac'd it like the blue-eyde *Cassiope*:
She ne're surcharg'd ability with grace,
But still her owne dimensions fild the place :

Wherein,





Vertues due.

Wherin this noble Lady *Katherine* seemd
T'anticipate her Mistris bounteous hand,
Asif her offices were but redeemd
From vnder meriting, and she did stand
Alone, and vnencountred in her worth;
One whom inheritance had called forth;

Or rather prouidence: for what she was,
She was to others, through her selfe intended :
Like to some interected leafe of glasse, (ded:
That breaks, yet heats, when neerer rayes offend:
She was all Organs, euen to the mind,
Whereby God did insinuate with mankind,

Her





Vertues due.

Her whole mortality had this extreame,
She had affections of immortall sense :
For she would pity much, and much relent :
But the affect of greatest presidence
Over her nature, held no sinne to this ;
To leauē apt good vndone, or dooē amisse.

The more they misse of her that are imbayd,
And fortune fixt for want of sea and scope,
Their burden with their sayle being overlayd :
Vnlesse they Anchor all their after-hope,
They misse : alas, I write of that too soone,
And lend her living worth for griefe to come :

Yet





Vertues due.

Yet liu'd shew to outlive that old report,
Which now againe our new worlds formes ap-
That, there is no retiremet in the court, (prouer
Where there is much variety to moue,
And steale away. O, there's no lif-like her,
That liu'd to bury her executors.

For softnesse never seyz'd her appetite.
A bloodlesse lyuor liues not on his heat:
Her resolution was Preponiscke right,
And forward sten'd against the Moones retreat.
No change, no liberty, no ful-cyde pleasure
Could bring deuotions musike out of mea-
(ture.

I





Vertues due.

It was for her, the million of her sexe,
And calling, doe beside approue their kind;
Whose story often read, as oft begets
Opinion, that the sexe is so inclin'd,
 And calling, so disposed vnto good,
 As well in Courtship, as in woman-hood.

She was a woman; yet, not one of those
Whose erogated heate conuerts to hate.
It was her honour to forgiue her foes,
Euen in their ebbe, and full distent of state.
 Alas, she would not take aduantage than,
 Lest she should trip the fraylty of his man.

She





Vertues due.

She would not glory his humilitie,
Nor actuate her old aggreeuances
O're weake distresse, and present misery :
Such conquest ! O, tis base and honourlesse,
For when I doe but second Fortunes stroke,
I wound a heart that is already broke.

She was a Courtier too; but as a Starre
Vnfixt, and like Orion in a streame;
As free as featherd Faulcons in the ayre,
Moon'd on no other line, but Cymbis's beame :
Her freer spirit ne're was put in frame,
Though she put on her self a Couriers name.

For





Vertues due.

For she did hospitable bounty too,
And euer kept her influence at home;
Which euery Courtier vses not to doe.
Why, she was nothing Courtier, nor her owne:
Her light was made a Sea-marke to distresse,
Where Fortunes wracks arryu'd their needines.

In Court, no study that would apprehend,
Or aske Religion of her duty more,
Than, what *Eliza* gaue, might still commend
Her most magnificence, and fountayne store:
She was not like a Conduit-pipe fast by,
To turne the stremme, & leaue the channel dry.

How





Vertues due.

How many seruantes of that Royall trayne
Could the fresh image of her loue excite,
To witnesse, she preferd *Elizae*s fame
Aboue her priuate reputations height!
She hated to be hyr'de to doe them good,
Or begd to buy their merits, though she cou'd.

And yet did her contentment stretch it selfe
More amply: Greatnesse was aboue her feare;
A faith beyond the curse that followes wealth,
Who cuermore suspects eruptions neere,
Whose chāge does chāge the state of their sub-
And gives this duty to the next electio. (sectio;

Great





Vertues duc.

Great & secure! Me thinks, tis wōdrous strange:
But gracious not enuyde ! Impossible:
For discontent makes worth his Fret of change,
And no seruility it selfe speakes well
 Of Honourable birth or betterment:
 Respect with him is feare; & feare, contempt.

I know not how respect came ouer all;
But the most humble did admire her most:
A branch of ranke loue turnd to prodigall:
Such loue is still exhaust, or overflowes.
 Ile learne ye how she did diuert their hate:
 Sht made her selfe as humble as their state,

The





Virtues due.

The lyft of all her vertues had a name
Of greater reverence, than had the rest.
Religion. Tis a sessions to arraigne,
Detect, and bring our actions to the test.
And where that list was slack, remisse, & loose,
Assure ye, ic was frailty excludus'de.

She had no other principles (God wot)
Whereby to leuell and conforme her life:
All was ne'er honest that was safly got:
She would not by iniustice compasse right;
Nor vsde to say, Tis Cesar answeres all;
So thou refueru to stand, may kingdomes fall.

C

Hec





Vertues due.

Her life was but a modell imitation,
Drawne with the freshest colours instance had
In holy writ, which gaue it approbation;
They were her essence (therfore could not fade)
Like colour layd in wine; her Lenten blacke
Did sit, like Nefus shirt vpon her backe.

At this perfection and maturity,
She stod in natures frayle adoption heere,
When heaven would vouchsafe her first to be
A mother, and her vertues to appeare
In propagated noblesse of a sonne,
That layd his roote as far as she begunde,

That





Vertues due.

That first, L. *William* was of *Effingham*,
A Barony, that field and Knighthood earnd
With sweating spurs, when heraldry detaignd
His hardiment. O, 'twere a sight to learne,
And put ambitious fire in any Swaync,
To see Nobility so dearely gaynd.

Heauen was delighted in his workmanship,
And now became more boütious of his breath,
Which sweld her womb to be more fruitful yet,
Deriu'd a second labors where she left,
A second blessing, and a *Charter* beside;
For Honour's lofty bed did open wide.

C 2

A third





Vertues due.

A third. Inuention, giue me backe, my selfe
Desuaded. All my numbers keepe consent,
And with my soule my stiles ambition melt.
Echo sunew of our duty be attent;
Forget the funerall state and maiesty,
And prostitucion wholly summon me.

Call her by any epithite exprest
In vertaes Inuentory; nay discource
Her mothers life : see with what liueliness
She does insert it, freely, and vnforc'd.
Be she the noble Countesse of Kildare,
Or Cobham Baronesse; shee's wondrous faire,

A





Virtues due.

A next. The Lady *Southern*: here I shold
Confound my methode with a plentious vayne
Of great deuotion, and of wyddowhood:
But my more free propoſements are restraynd,
To ſhew the loſt, their laſt ſimilitude,
To which the Lady *Lyon* much accredē.

Here, happiness did floate at all the lyne:
This day accounted for the greatest debt,
That grace and goodest Stars could her affigne:
And till this day her circle neuer met;
Now was her happiness so ſatisfide, (ſide.
She knew not what her wiſh might adde be-





Vertues due.

Contentament crownd her streight beyond the
And roughest oppositions in her birth; (mayne,
The weeping Crocodile, the Syrens strayne,
And all the Delinations that inuert

Our, Fye, what ist that we can call our owne?
She past the seas, & shipwackt here at home

Within the hauen. Now, it was disposd
With heauenly wisedome, to the best of vses.
So, we are wise, to purchase from our foes,
T'enrich the sea with that which land abuses.
We doe secure vs in their feebled store.
Securenesse hurts least, when it is most poore.

The





Vertues due.

The goodness of the Highest left her not:
For Neptune, conquering Argo vnariu'd,
Must disimbarke the golden Fleece she broughte,
In her owne hauen to be stellifyde,
And seem aboue her weeping Marble sphere,
To swimme as free in heauen, as she did heere.

'T was onely in her wishes now to dye,
When as her fulnesse fear'd to be o're-joyd;
Like those that surfeit of faciety,
And yet their surquedry is euer voyd:
These haue their fulnesse so intemperate,
Nothing refreshes, till it suffocate.





Vertues due.

She would not haue her Sūmer beames to light
Vpon the rancke, and thrifte flyme beneath,
Where honours heat begets the parasite,
And other monstrous shapes, that wil bequeath
Vnto their Cesar, Ioues owne heritance,
And swell his greatnesse into arrogance.

She fear'd that such shuld know her to be great.
She knew her greatnesse was superlatius.
Nature, and grace, and stars their rest had set,
And every opposition left to striue,
She wanted nothing of felicity,
But free commission to desist and dyc.

She



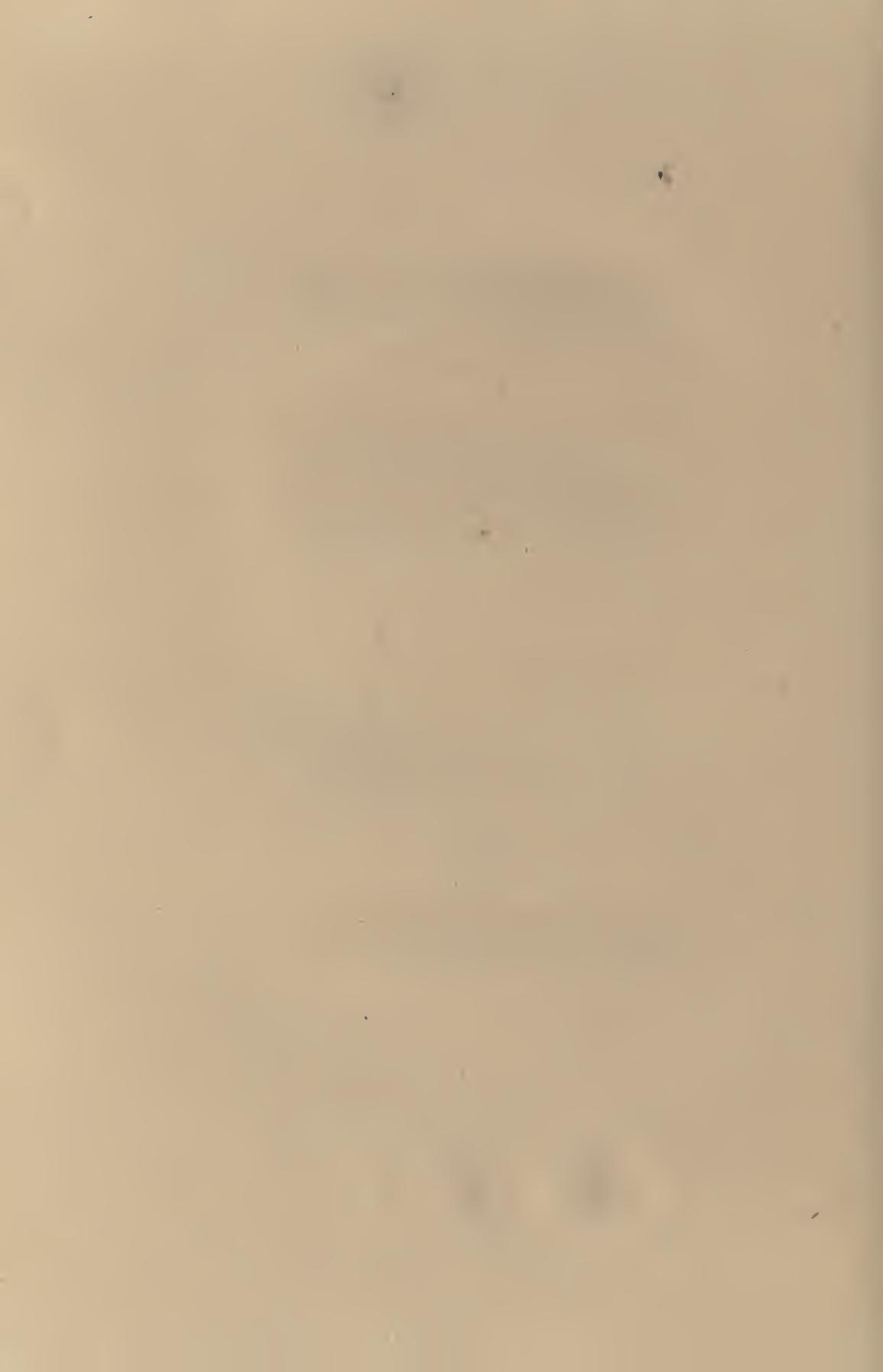


Vertues due.

She prayd it, and preuented constant fate,
That would not her delight shuld see her sweat
Out of conuerse familiar, and innate.
Joy, longer then tis fresh, is not compleat :
But like to Times own tunes, that rauish not,
Because they iyg'd it, when we were begot,

This burthen would be fayne deliuered,
When she had reckon'd to maturity,
Appealing from the Moone that followed,
The eyght, which mortals call an enemy
Vnto conception. Fate and she complyde,
And in a seuen-fold happinesse she dyde.







The Offering.



Hou that ow'st this breathles beau-
Mistris of the dayes deuotion, (ty,
And her blackest rites of duty,
Guyd'st her timeles, guncles motioz
O ! I would not leau thee yet,
Till I see thy Scarements fit.

Thou, that art complexion carelesse,
Let affections arnes vnfold,
After last imbracings durelesse,
And vpon the hallowedst mold,
Left for monumentall vse,
By thy iust extensure chuse.

If





Vertues due.

If the earth deny thee rest,
Like the soule that lyes so soft
In her groaning, grieved brest,
Shalt thou there be buried oft.
Earth affords no freer Toombe;
None so wide as sorrowes wombe.

There in stead of balmde confection,
Righteous teares, and season'd sighing
Sprinkle o're thy ceast complexion,
Till they seale thy searements plighting.
Gratefull odours be about thee :
Truce within, and teares without thee.

Next,





Vertues due.

Next, for Scuchions o're thy herse,
I that truly would display thee,
Offer vp this sacred verse,
With the greatest zeale that may be:
Though thy Herald, length they lacke,
Yet our Scuchionstaues are blacke.

Leave by leave, be open wide;
Speake to all that passe this way,
That they part not from thy side,
Till they read, and reading pray.
May this story neuer fade,
Till thy soule be quicke conuayd.

Angels





The offering.

Angels with their musike charmes
All vnkowne malignity;
Drowne the midnights hye allarme,
When the sacring summons be;
Let not her vnhallowed breech
Enter in thy house of death.

Spirits sanctifie secure thee
All corruption quite be spent.
Let thy natures workes assure thee
Consummation imminent.
Though thou left'st them all behind thee,
Yet their merits there refine thee,

Workes





The offering.

Workes and fayth thy soule conuay,
On a heauen-deuiding wing.
Let deuotion reade and pray.
Saints and ministring Angels sing.
All, with natures latest debt,
Wype away thy Marbles sweat.

FINIS.



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